



CUD COMICS

#1

\$2.95 US

\$4.15 CAN

TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD

COMICS



© TERRY LABAN 1985

TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD<sup>TM</sup>

## COMICS



BY

**TERRY  
LABAN**

EDITED BY

**ANINA  
BENNETT**

DESIGN BY

**JULIE  
GASSAWAY**

**HELLO!**

AND WELCOME TO CUD COMICS, THE NEW, IMPROVED CUD FROM DARK HORSE. LONG-TIME FOLLOWERS OF THIS PRODUCT WILL NOTE SOME CHANGES, BUT AS ALWAYS, THE CUD LOGO ASSURES YOU, THE READER, OF QUALITY ART AND ENTERTAINMENT. THE PRODUCT OF LONG HOURS OF PAINSTAKING LABOR BY THE STAFF HERE AT CUD STUDIOS. AND, IN THIS ERA OF GLOBAL LABOR MARKETS, WE'RE PROUD TO SAY WE DO IT ALL WITH AMERICAN WORKERS, AT AMERICAN WAGES. AND THAT EVERY DIME WE MAKE, IF WE MAKE A DIME, WILL BE SPENT IN AMERICA, ALTHOUGH WE MIGHT SPEND IT ON SOMETHING WITH SOME IMPORTED CONTENT. WHEN IT'S ALL SAID AND DONE, WE'RE NOT DOGMATIC ABOUT THIS STUFF--WE THINK LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO GET ALL UPTIGHT ABOUT ABSTRACTIONS. INDEED, THE BITTERSWEET REALIZATION OF OUR OWN MORTALITY IS NEVER FAR FROM OUR THOUGHTS HERE, AND IT INSPIRES US TO CREATE SMALL RITUALS TO MARK TIME'S PASSING. DURING EQUINOXES AND SOLSTICES, WE ROAST A PIG; IF YOU SHOW UP THEN, YOU'RE WELCOME TO HAVE SOME. FEEL FREE TO BRING A FRIEND--WE USUALLY HAVE A LOT LEFT OVER.



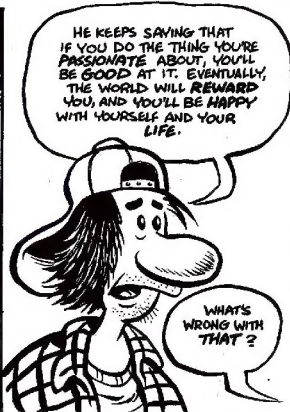
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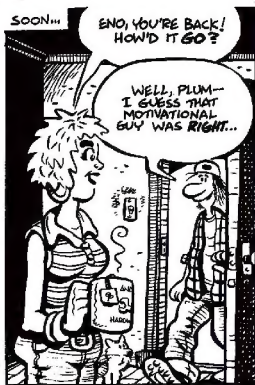
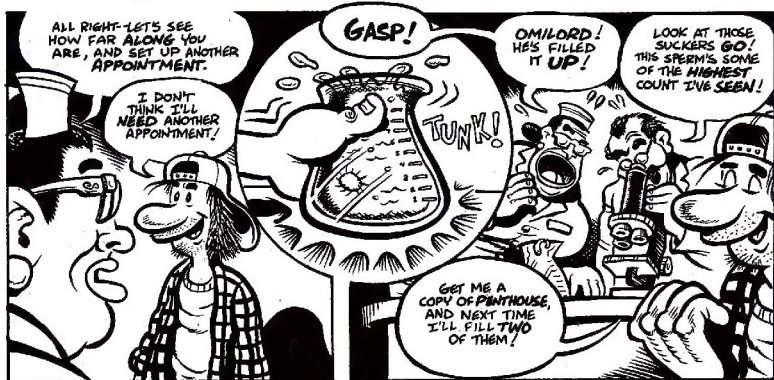
STEP INTO THE HAPPENING WORLD OF TODAY'S "NOW" PEOPLE...

# Eno AND Plum

IN "YOU CAN BANK ON IT"









ENO'S STAR QUICKLY RISES...



... AND SO DOES HIS BANK BALANCE.



BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A FLY IN THE OINTMENT.



Y'KNOW, IT'S REALLY GREAT HOW HAPPY YOU'VE BEEN LATELY. YOU'RE SO ENERGETIC AND SELF-CONFIDENT.



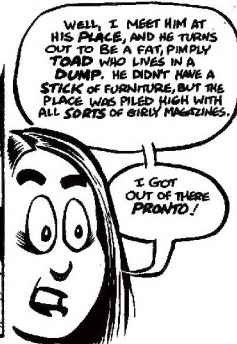
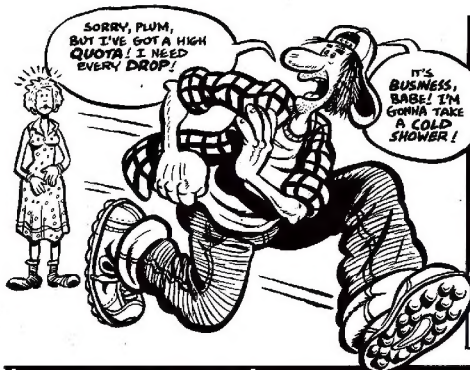
THAT'S FOR SURE. IT ALSO MAKES YOU VERY ATTRACTIVE.



IF WE HAVE SEX, IT'LL LOWER MY SPERM COUNT!

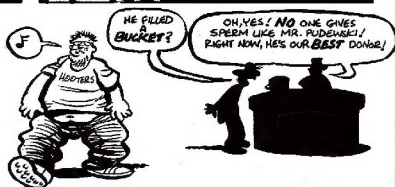
OH, COME ON, ENO! IT'S BEEN AGES! A LITTLE SEX WON'T HURT ANYTHING!





The Adventures  
of  
ENO AND PLUM'S  
CAT. by T. MARY COO







THE NEXT DAY...







**DANGER IS HIS GIRLFRIEND!**

# MICKEY PIMPLE

TEEN ADVENTURER

IN THE TREACHEROUS WATERS OFF THE MALAYSIAN COAST, MICKEY, HIS FAITHFUL PAL BARNEY, THE BACKWARDS BEAGLE, AND HIS MENTOR HANSON OF THE C.I.A., AWAIT A RENDEZVOUS WITH UNNAMED SOURCES.

O- GOLLY, MR. HANSON, WE'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME.

AFTER SOME TIME AS A COVERT OPERATIVE, ONE LEARNS HOW TO WAIT.

TERRY LEEAN  
© 1985

SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW MAJOR HIGHPANTS AND I ENTERTAINED OURSELVES DURING A LENGTHY STAY IN A SOVIET ISOLATION CELL?

BLAM!  
BLAM!

OMIGOSH!  
PIRATES!

IT'S THE DREADED GIRL PIRATES OF THE MALAY COAST. WE MUST DEFEND OURSELVES WITH SOME VIGOR!

GEE, MR. HANSON... I DON'T KNOW...

HEY! WHAT'S WITH BARNEY?

ARE!  
ARE!

PIMPLE, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DON'T YOU RESIST?

I CAN'T HIT 'EM, MR. HANSON...

...THEY'RE GIRLS!

# BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA!

HOLY COW!  
SOMEONE'S SHOOTIN'  
TH' PIRATES!

WAHL, BATTER ME, FRY  
ME, PUT A STICK UP MAH  
BUTT AN' SELL ME AT TH' FAIR!  
IF IT AIN'T MAH OL' PAL,  
LLOYD HANSON!

OH, NO...  
IT CAN'T  
BE!

BUT IT IS!  
GERALDINE  
"BULLDAGGER"  
JONES, BIG AS  
LIFE AN' TWICE  
AS NASTY!

M-MISS  
JONES...

BULLDAGGER,  
HANSON, TAKE OR  
"SIR," TAKE  
YO' PICK!

VERY  
WELL,  
BULLDAGGER.  
MAY I  
ASK WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DOING  
HERE?

ESCAPIN'  
FROM  
PIRATES,  
SAME AS  
YOU, SHORTY!

THEY KIDNAPPED ME AN'  
MISS ARTEMIS URETHRA,  
DAUGHTER OF GEORGIO  
URETHRA, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE  
SHIPPING MAGNATE, FROM  
HER YACHT D'S AFTERNOON.  
I BEEN WORKIN' AS HER  
BODYGUARD 'BOUT A YEAR  
OR SO. DIDN' HAVE A CHANCE  
T' SHOOT 'EM TILL YALL  
CAME.

SAY "HI"  
ARTEMIS.

CAN WE PLEASE  
STOP SOCIALIZING AND  
GO HOME? MY SHOES  
ARE COVERED WITH  
MALAYSIAN PIRATES!

YOUR PRESENT  
CIRCUMSTANCE IS  
NOT A RINGING  
ENDORSEMENT  
OF YOUR BODY-  
GUARDING  
CAPABILITIES,  
BULLDAGGER.

PREPARING A YOUTH  
FOR LIFE'S CHALLENGES  
IS NO SIN. THIS IS MY  
WARD, MICKEY PIMPLE.

ARF!

HEY! THAT DOG  
JIS' BARKED OUT  
HIS ASSHOLE!

HIS NAME IS BARNEY,  
MA'AM. EXCEPT FOR A  
SLIGHT BIRTH DEFECT,  
HE'S AS GOOD A DOG  
'S AS THERE IS!

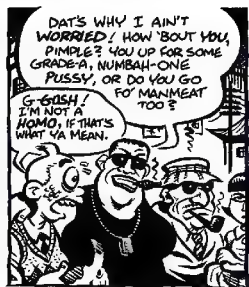
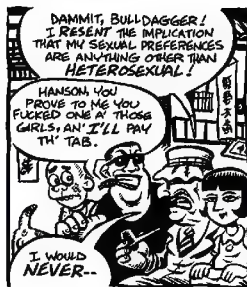
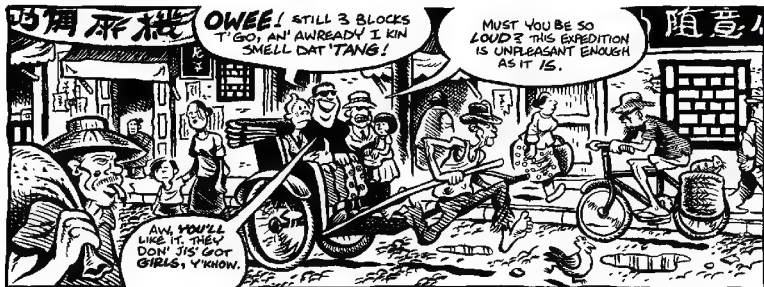
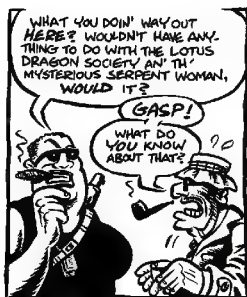
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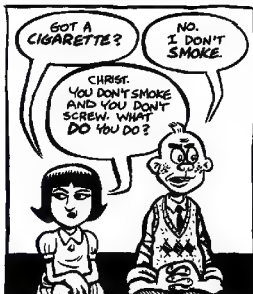
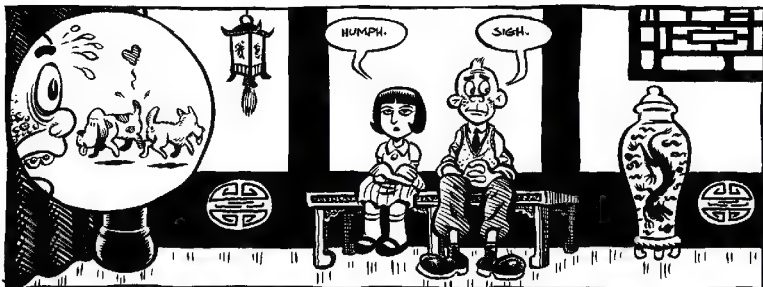
SHEE-IT!

ESPECIALLY  
NOT WHEN YOU'RE  
HUMPING THE  
MAID!

YOU'D BEST WATCH  
YO'SELF, ARTEMIS.  
SO, HOW 'BOUT YOU,  
HANSON'S AHM SURPRISED  
T' SEE YA, BUT NOT  
WIF A STRAPPIN' YOUNG  
BOY!











# The Author in COMIC CURE



by TERRY LABANOW

Terry Laban, "alternative" cartoonist, extracted the empty syringe from his veins and let it drop lazily to the floor. His brain reeling from the combined effects of barbitate, cocaine, and medicine, he fixed his dilated pupils on the flickering flame of the candle dripping wax off the corner of his crowning table and watched it dance crazily, shedding colors like autumn leaves. When the initial rush had passed, he turned again to his half-completed page. Without his being aware of it, his thin, scarred arm had picked up the brush, dipped it in the ink, and was drawing. At least he'd meet his death so.

Dead lines were about the only thing he didn't miss these days. Two years spent drawing sick, perverted comics had left him worn and weary in the flesh of the demons that had inspired him in the first place. At first his fantasies were experienced only through ink and Bristol, but soon that wasn't enough, and he began to haunt dark and dangerous places, eagerly sampling the fruits of their decay. His friends, then his family, and finally even his pets left him in the no-man's-land of life on the edge took their toll. His comic output, though continually weirder, never slack-

ened, but he spent every dime on illegal substances, sinking at last into a life of poverty and squalor. Perhaps he was looking for something, but what it was he didn't know, and he'd long ago stopped caring.

For a moment his gaze shifted across the filthy wall-side garage he called home. He was thinking about needing a drink, and wondering when the check for the film work he'd recently done — his ventriloquist act had been featured in an Army video warning of the dangers of VD — would arrive, when the side door opened.



A woman entered, middle-aged, but still attractive. She introduced herself as a nurse.

"I'm sorry I didn't knock," she said. "Your nurse told me you don't usually answer the door."

Laban was under the impression he'd said something in reply, but apparently he hadn't, for she hurriedly continued.

"I'm sorry to bother you like this, but I have an awfully big favor to ask. You see, I'm in charge of the children's ward at St. Mordecai Memorial Hospital

## ENO IN THE ARMY

T. LABANOW





We have a little girl in there who's very sick, maybe even dying. But we have reason to think that if she laughed at a comic — a truly funny comic — she could be cured."

Laban looked at her through the haze. To make a child laugh seemed as impossible to him as regaining his virginity.

"I don't do that kind of stuff," he managed to croak. "I... I can't."

"Why can't you?" she asked. "Aren't you a cartoonist?"

The question hit him like a kick in the gut.

"Tl... I'll try," he stammered.

He'd never have agreed if he'd known what it would cost him. Fervently he labored as the deadline approached, scouring himself to find any last shred of decency and wholesomeness. Many times he reached in desperation for a bottle of cheap whiskey, a draw bag of sand, or the worn-out boots of some neighborhood whore, only to throw them away in disgust. Finally, on the morning of the required day, he held

the finished comic in his trembling hands. It was only a page long, but he thought it would do the trick.

Heads turned to see the gaunt figure with matted hair and tattered clothes following the head nurse through the corridors, carefully holding a flat manila envelope in his ink-stained paw.

When they entered the room, Laban saw the girl, a little blonde angel lying on the bed. Taken in her arms were books to machines, the table by the bed was covered with medicines, and doctors and nurses hovered around her. Trembling, he approached the bed, his heart surging from its stupor at the sight of her large blue eyes looking up at him, filled with anticipation. Slowly, he slid out the comic page and placed it in her hand.

Not a sound but the beating of the monitors could be heard as she read. She smiled. She gave a little giggle. A doctor rushed to her side.

"I think she's going to be all right," he said happily, pressing his stethoscope to her chest.

Laban left hurriedly, before the press arrived, and before long was back in his dirty garage, wallowing in sickness and dissolution. But he'd never forget what he'd felt in the hospital that day. It was a feeling of the drugs he could buy, all the women he could use, all the scientific rituals that he could perform, and all the perversions he could draw had never given him. It was happiness.

## SMALL ENO AND PLUM

T. LABANORE





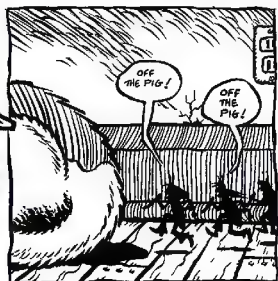
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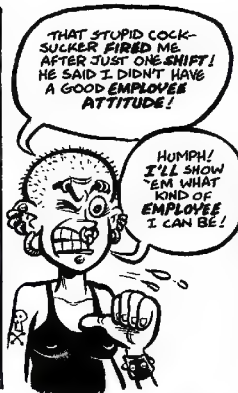
in

"A LOT  
OF THESE  
OLD  
HOUSES  
HAVE THEM"

TERRY LABANOS



END









# MICKY PIMPLE

## TEEN ADVENTURER

PART II

WHILE TRYING TO SAVE HIS FRIEND, SHIPPING HEIRESS ARTEMIS URETHRA, FROM LUNG CANCER, MICKY HAS FALLEN INTO THE CLUTCHES OF CHING CHAO FAIN, LEADER OF THE MYSTERIOUS LOTUS DRAGON SOCIETY, BETTER KNOWN AS THE SERPENT WOMAN.

AH-- YOU ARE FORTUNATE, MICKY PIMPLE. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY MEN HAVE DIED TRYING TO OBTAIN WHAT I WILL SOON GIVE TO YOU?

N-N- NO, MA'AM.

NOR DO I. I'VE LONG SINCE LOST COUNT.

TERRY LARAN COMICS

BUT THEY DID NOT HAVE YOUR BLOND HAIR, YOUR BLUE EYES, OR YOUR BROAD SHOULDERS. TONIGHT, MY DARLING, YOU WILL BE ONE OF THE FEW TO TASTE THE FRUITS OF THE SERPENT WOMAN.

G-G- GOLLY!

NOW...

... I WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND ON MY WAIST.

IS IT NOT SMALL, YET STRONG?

U-U- YES, MA'AM.

NOW, PUT YOUR HAND ON MY BREAST.

IS IT NOT SOFT AND SHAPELY?

U-U- YES, M-M- MA'AM.

AND NOW-- PUT YOUR HAND ON MY...

N-N-N- NO, MA'AM!!

WHAT? YOU DARE REFUSE THE FAVORS OF CHING CHAO FAIN?

WOP!

I'M SORRY, BUT I'M SAVING MYSELF FOR THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE.

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, MICKY PIMPLE.

GUARDS!

WOW!

IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU DID NOT ALLOW ME TO AROUSE YOU, MICKEY PIMPLE. THE **URGES** THAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU **PLEASURE** WILL INSTEAD BRING YOU **DOOM**.

OBSERVE THAT YOUR EYES ARE FIXED, SO YOU CANNOT **BLINK**, AND ATTACHED TO YOUR CROTCH IS A **SENSOR**, WHICH IN TURN IS ATTACHED TO...



...A **GUN**, AIMED AT YOUR HEAD.



AT MY SIGNAL, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE ORIENT WILL USE THE ANCIENT ARTS OF ASIA TO REVEAL THEMSELVES IN AN **EROTIC** MANNER.



WHEN YOU BECOME EXCITED TO A CERTAIN DEGREE, THE SENSOR WILL TRIP THE WIRE ATTACHED TO THE TRIGGER...



THE MUSIC STARTS—A PULSING STRIPPER'S GRIND.



THE GIRLS DANCE SLOWLY, REVEALING THEMSELVES TO THE SWEATING LAD.



...I CAN SEE THEIR TITS AND EVERYTHING!



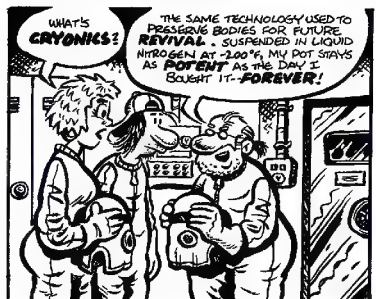
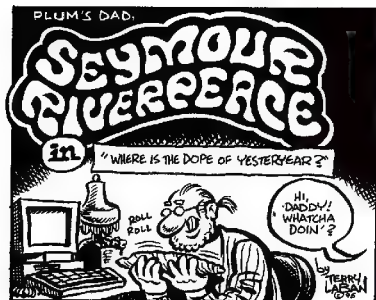














Plum's

# Fashion Fun



"SUPERFLY"



"AVANT-GARDE"



"GOTHIC"

"HARD BODY"



T. LABAN © '85

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR LETTERS. SEND CORRESPONDENCE TO:  
TERRY LABAN, P.O. BOX 408136, CHICAGO, IL 60640



# MINI-ART

**5 Duck Rush** (\$2.95 from Alpha Productions, PO Box 1172, Rockland, ME 04841) The first full-sized comic by mini legend and Detroit homeboy Sean Bieri features a variety of very funny strips dealing with relationships, dentists, and the things girls do on the can. The centerpiece is the origin story of the soon-to-be-legendary superheroes Cool Jerk and Homo Gal, who use their powers to defend Detroit's Cass Corridor. It's nice to know *someone* wants to do it. If you've never read Bieri's stuff, you're in for a treat; when you're done, send for his minis at the address in the back.

**William Wants a Doll** (\$2.00 from Arielle, PO Box 8040, Long Island City, NY 11101) I'm a sucker for these kind of personable little zines that read like letters from their creators to the world. Arielle writes articles on her boss, her apartment, her favorite kids' books characters, her thoughts on porn, and her diet, all in a cheerful style that manages to be both upbeat and worldly, without sounding self-centered. There seems to be a queer slant to the thing, but maybe it's just that it's cute. Anyhow, with reviews and comics too, it's definitely a cool read.

**Hey Mister #1-2** (\$1.00 each from Pete Sickman-Garner, c/o Canterbury Booksellers, 315 W. Gorham, Madison, WI 53703) Peter Sickman-Garner is one funny motherfucker, and "Hey Mister" is one of the best minis I've seen since "The Magic Whistle." Superbly written and well drawn in that cartoony style I love, Sickman-Garner's comics feature a whole stable of unclassifiable weirdos who manage, while suffering life's indignities, to retain enough humanity to make the comedy really sing. Number 2 in particular, with its long tale of a cabby who takes barter in lieu

of cash, impressed me with its pacing. Not everything's as good as that one, but it's all worth a dollar, at least.

**Chutney Point #1** (\$2.00 ppd from Matthew Kelleigh, 2609 W. Thomas #1-R, Chicago, IL 60622) This eccentric mini features a murder mystery that revolves around a man whose psychic big toe leads him to a body. It gets better from there as the story progresses through a whole small town's worth of odd characters. Kelleigh's drawings are a bit rough, but they have charm, and the writing manages to be eccentric without losing its focus. Unfortunately, the story continues, so you may want to wait a year and send for the whole thing. Kelleigh also has a full-size comic called *Apprentice to a God*, available from the same address for \$2.00, but it's science fiction/fantasy, and you know how I feel about *that*.

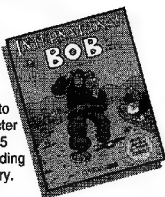
**Bored to Death #5** (\$1.00 from Keith Helt, 350 Orchard Ct., Woodstock, IL 60098) I can just see the folks who actually send for this saying to themselves, "Jeez, all some whiney suburban teen-ager has to do to get LaBan to plug his cheesy, densely written zine is reprint one of his cartoons in it." They've got a point. On the other hand, how can you *not* love a bunch of kids that devote the better part of 32 pages to railing against their high-school prom? Sure, their vitriolic rants are hard to read and badly printed, but the emotions behind them are real enough, and they took me back to a time when a school dance could inspire hatred, along with people who played sports and liked disco. It's all sort of embarrassing now. Heck, if I had to do it all over, I'd probably go to my prom. If I could find a girl willing to overlook the fact that I'm not a stuck-up, asshole jock.

## Still Available!

*Love's not a Three Dollar Fare*, a collection of most of the major stuff from my first comic series, *Unsupervised Existence*. Just \$14.95 for 120 pages of heart-warming narrative.



*International Bob*, paperback collection of the "Bob" stories in *Unsupervised Existence*. Similar to the old Cud character but different. \$11.95 for 88 pages, including all-new 8-page story.



Order from **Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115.**  
Or call toll-free 1-800-657-1100. Foreign orders add 10%.

# FINISH LINE

**C**omics is often called an "art-driven" medium. But whether pictures, words, or the unique combination of both that the best of comics gives us, it all comes down to language, the most powerful weapon we humans have ever created.

Sometimes, that weapon is used against innocent children. Take the term "child prostitution." Journalists use it so often it has become part of our common language. But "prostitution" is the exchange of sex for

## NOVEMBER CHECKLIST

- ☐ *White Paper* (1957) by the National Science Foundation (1956 book)
- ☐ *Gold Conquest* #1
- ☐ *Mercury: The Mission* of 28 August
- ☐ *Reading Washington: Stranded in Space*
- ☐ *Or My Godchild: On a Wing and a Prayer* (1957)
- ☐ *Star Wars: Back to the Future* #1
- ☐ *Star Wars*
- ☐ *Star Wars: The Movie*
- ☐ *Star Wars: The Movie* #1
- ☐ *Star Wars: The Movie* #2
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money. Olsen calls a "viceless crime" in itself, a morose statement - the public perceives the word "prostitution" as pejorative. Indeed, we call a person who "sells out" his/her moral convictions in exchange for personal gain a "prostitute." The essence of "prostitution" implies *deceit*. So when pedophiles talk about "child prostitution," they (deliberately) further imply that little children are "seductive." That they "volunteer" to have sex with franks in exchange for cash that they never see, is a disablin' myth, lovingly nourished by state flesh-peddlers.

Philosophers want to snare sexual exploitation into the "prostitution" continuum; if we allow the term "child prostitution" to gain sufficient foothold in our language, we surrender ground to the enemy. There is *not* such thing as "child prostitution." That term contradicts itself, "proving" a lie. This is *sexual exploitation*: nothing else and nothing less. We need to change the language.

We don't change language with more language — we change it with behavior. And sometimes, the highest form of behavior is what we don't do... what we refuse to do.

Perhaps you've heard -- although if you relied on the American media, probably not -- about the "war" against "leisure sex tourism" in Southeast Asia, with Thailand being the main offender.

Well, friends, this hasn't been anything other  
 than a war — in a war, people sing back. With  
 your help, we propose to change all that.

Not only is the foul "business" of kiddy sex tourism rampant throughout Southeast Asia, the "host" countries themselves have, by their conduct, proclaimed themselves proudly corrupt and profoundly evil.

So far, Thailand has been a safe harbor for predatory pedophiles from all over the world. But what Thailand has not been, up to now, is accountable. And that's where you come in.

What we need are warriors committed to force Thailand to change its ways. And our weapon of choice is **BOYCOTT**.

We want Americans to boycott anything made manufactured in Thailand. Thailand sells its children like products. It traffics in the flesh of its own babies. For money. And the only thing that will stop it is the loss of money.

Many products sold in America... from the "figuines" fashioned from comics superheroes or cartoon characters, to video games, to sneakers, to dresses of Thai silk... are made in a country which is, for many of its children, Hell on Earth.

And many "international" or "Pacific Rim" mutual funds track in Thai securities as well. If we pull our money out (and tell them *why* we did it), the funds will either have to change their policies or face loss of cash, especially as there are plenty of "Pacific Rim" mutual funds which do *not* cover Thailand.

We want you to support the boycott personally and urge others to do the same. We want you to write about it, talk about it, sign about it, upload it, paint it, sculpt it, stamp it, editorialize it... whatever you can do to help bring the baby-peddlers down. The "Made in Thailand" label is a symbol of foul dishonor. It should be rejected by all consumers, not just those with children of their own. And the next time you hear someone use the term "child prostitutes," tell them the *truth*.

We want you to tell your friends to tell their friends. We want to have the world's first "chain letter" that breaks chains!

Mark Morse has corporately declared that it will do no business with Thailand, an act of true humanity that makes me proud to be part of the organization. Some of us have already closed out any mutual funds which deal in Thai securities. None of us will buy anywhere that says "Made in Thailand" on it.

Conte on! How often do we get a chance to battle beasts and protect babies? We can't change a country's morals, but we can sure as hell change its behavior. So

## Don't! Boy's Ties

For the complete (photo-referenced, fully-sourced, and attributed) details, see the Special Report at the conclusion of the just-released *Batman: The Ultimate Evil*, available in both hardcover novel (Warner Books) and comic book adaptation (DC Comics). Or you can find the Report on the DC Comics Home Page (America On-Line). Download it and read it. Or go to the library and use the photocopy machine.

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# SIN CITY

silent night

frank miller

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